THE PACIFIC

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Reading Room

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PACIFIC
Theological Seminary

A SONG OF TRUST.

What says the grass when shouts the wind
  And all the bending spears lie low?
It says, "The Lord of life is kind!
  Tread me, O wind! but I shall grow."

What says the brook when fretting stones
  Its currents cleave and turn aside?
It says, in cheery, silver tones,
  "Stones make the music of my tide!"

And I, if grass and water find
  God's way and theirs in sweet accord—
Shall I not tune my heart and mind
  To the wise purpose of my Lord?

—James Buckham.

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THE AUTOMOBILE PROBLEM.

There is in this country an automobile fever or craze and so an automobile problem. Fifteen years ago only a few hundred automobiles were in use and only a small amount of capital was used in their production. By the end of the year 1910 not less than five hundred thousand cars will have been constructed and nearly all will be playing some part in American life and activities. In July of this year it was estimated that there were more than three hundred and seventy-five thousand motor cars in actual use, and the worth of the year's output of two hundred thousand machines was placed at two hundred and twenty-five million dollars. In the plants for the production of these cars with their accessories there is an investment of capital to the amount of more than one billion two hundred and fifty mililon dollars, and four hundred thousand men are concerned in their manufacture.

Immense fortunes have been made in the automobile business. In Detroit, Michigan, a man who had been promoted from a position as workman to factory manager concluded later to try to make himself rich instead of others. Some one staked him with $95,000, and supplementing that with $100,000 borrowed from a bank, the man built up a business which he sold in a year and a half for twenty mililon dollars.

A machinist who was receiving $3.50 a day exerted himself in the building of a better car than the firm was turning out; asking then for a $3,000 salary and being refused he went into the business himself and today has the lion's share in a company having a capitalization of sixteen million dollars.

A stove manufacturer, who was after much persuasion led to put up $27,000 for a young engineer who believed that he could turn out a machine that would have a big sale at a popular price, received a dividend of thirteen hundred per cent at the end of the first year.

The price of crude rubber has gone soaring from sixty-five cents to two dollars and fifty cents a pound, because of the demand for tires and great fortunes have come, both to the producers and speculators in rubber.

Such has been the demand for automobiles that on the first of August, 1910, there was in commission one car to every one hundred and eighty-seven persons in the United States, and the demand for new cars showed no signs of abatement. At that date one dollar of every three hundred dollars invested in real and personal property was tied up in a motor car.

In the number of automobiles in proportion to population Los Angeles leads the cities of the United States, there being there one car to every forty persons. Detroit has one to sixty and Buffalo one to every seventy.

So much in evidence in American life are these swift-speeding machines that there has arisen considerable discussion as to their value economically. So much money has been poured into their purchase and into their maintenance while in use by people of all classes and conditions in life that these cars have come to be regarded widely as a menace to the general prosperity of the country. Good stocks and bonds it is said have gone begging during the last twelve months because of the craze for automobiles. People have been drawing on their savings usually thus invested and have been buying automobiles. And not a few without any savings have mortgaged their homes in order to own one of the fascinating whirlers.

It is narrated that in an Eastern state a thrifty middle-aged couple of inexpensive tastes and habits, who had lived for many years in a boarding-house because they thought they couldn't afford housekeeping, caught the atuomobile fever not long ago, bought a $5,000 car and went touring through Europe with a chaffeur and a pet dog, hotly resenting the friendly intimation that it was a bit of extravagance.

In an apartment house in another city live fifteen different families only two of which have ever felt able to keep any household help and thirteen of the number own automobiles. The fever broke out in one corner of that apartment house, and ere long one after another had succumbed to it. The little savings erstwhile intended for a modest home some time went into the motor car, and the expense of maintenance shut off many little pleasures aforetime indulged in and enjoyed.

Among the persons complaining of the automobile are the theater managers. One in a California city commented recently on the big wide blank spaces in the theaters of late and remarked in that connection: "To these expensive playthings called automobiles is undoubtedly attributable in great part the decline in the number of theater-goers. Automobiles cost originally as much as many homes and they are quite as expensive to maintain. Many people buy them who cannot afford them. To make ends meet it is necessary to curtail and sacrifice, and as the theater is not an indispensable adjunct to happiness it is the first thing to be put on the list labeled 'not necessary.'"

All in all such have been the disturbances by the automobile that one banker declared recently that they were greater than those created by our civil war.

In Minneapolis one automobile firm held mortgages not long ago on fifteen hundred homes. And in another city so enormous were the property liens held by automobile dealers and manufacturers that no banking house would take the risk of handling the municipal bonds of that city. In Detroit, Michigan, the business has overshadowed all other activities. A Detroit merchant who asked a contractor not long ago to do some work for him received answer: "These automobile people keep me so busy that I can't do anything else. I have a year's work ahead now."

During the last few years a large amount of money has gone out of California for automobiles. A few months ago the number of registrations in the office of the Secretary of State had reached 33,000. Allowing only $1,500 on an average for each car this mounts up to $45,000,000 sent out of the state for this one article alone.

Where does this money largely go? Into the hands of one of two great trusts, which control to a great extent

the automobile manufacture. But the people will have the machines whether or no—those who can afford them and those who cannot, for the fever is on. J. Pierpont Morgan has large automobile interests, is the main man in one of the trusts, and many poor fever-stricken people the country over are helping to swell his coffers.

In various lines of business the automobile is of marked utility. To the medical profession it is well nigh indispensable. As a pleasure vehicle it has its highly commendable uses for those who can afford it. It has come to stay—at least until the flying machine has been so perfected that people in general can be flying over our heads with the ease with which the birds now wing their flight through the air. But with it has come a problem. There is an automobile fever, and it lights down upon not a few who are too weak financially to bear well up under it and cripples them as to all things else all their lives.

Yes, it is fascinating, exhilarating, quite intoxicating, perhaps, to whirl about in one of the beautiful machines even if it does cost as much as a home and after a few months of costly maintenance may be worth not much more than old junk.

For those who have not yet succumbed to the fever may be in place the words of the grizzled old banker who marked off from the statement of a patron's assets the automobile which he had listed, along with the remark, "It's a liability, not an asset."

And by all let the following words in one of our most sober journals be earnestly pondered: "At a period of commercial uncertainty, when banking, industrial and commercial conditions alike dictate national caution and conservatism, the fact remains that the people at large—the middle classes—are plunging into luxury and extravagance at a rate never before equaled, perhaps, in the history of the nation."

THE CONSOLIDATION OF THE BAY CITIES.

The Pacific has favored for many years the consolidation of the cities on San Francisco bay into one municipality. San Francisco will never be what it should be as a city morally until the many men who have their business here and live elsewhere have a voice in municipal affairs. And San Francisco badly governed damages not only the entire bay region, but all California and the Pacific coast. In the interests of our coast civilization a Greater San Francisco is demanded.

There is now no movement to this end. But there is a movement for the consolidation of Oakland and Berkeley which is a step in the right direction. It does not seem, however, that the movement will be successful. The indications are that, when the question of consolidation comes to a vote on the 15th of this month, it will be defeated in Berkeley by a large vote. This is not because the people of Berkeley do not in general favor consolidation. It is because the plan now under consideration does not commend itself as one fair to Berkeley. There is a wide-spread feeling that on the present plan Berkeley would lose her identity. And that is something which Berkeleyans do not wish to have brought about. A city concerning which the poet can write such a poem as that of Joaquin Miller which will be found in this issue of the Pacific does not relish the idea of such a merger with Oakland or any other city as would in a few years result in her being known simply as North Oakland, or in the event of a greater consolidation, East San Francisco. Berkeley has always been distinctive in more ways than one and her citizens desire to have her remain so. Identity and autonomy must be preserved!

In the discussions which have been conducted concerning this consolidation movement reference has been made to Greater New York and to the borough of Brooklyn as distinct in identity now as Brooklyn was before consolidation. But there has been no evidence to show that the Oakland-Berkeley plan soon to be presented to the voters is such a borough plan as that of Greater New York. Failure to show this is the one fatal flaw in the effort being made to effect consolidation. The plan appears to be the one that can bring about in the quickest and least expensive manner a city and county government, and so lead to a reduction in taxes or to greater benefits to the municipality from the money paid as tax.

Consolidation would undoubtedly work for the commercial upbuilding of the cities on the east side of the bay. Berkeley people in large numbers realize that and want it, but not on any plan that would merely make Berkeley one of the wards in Greater Oakland. That would be Lesser Berkeley to such an extent as to consign her soon to oblivion. We predict the defeat at the polls of this consolidation plan. Let Oakland and Berkeley citizens get together and frame a real borough plan, and submit that to vote, and it will be adopted without difficulty.

BERKELEY.

Westmost City of the Westmost Sea.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way."—Bishop Berkeley.

Say, what shall be said of the great Bishop's town—
Bishop, and prophet, and poet, and seer;
Why, pluck up a cedar, and set her fame down
In gold and in flower-fed atmosphere!
City of cities in stories to be—
Classical, scholar-built Berkeley!

Aye, write her fair story—as fair as a star
As sweet as her sea-winds, as strong as her sea—
City with never a stain or a scar—
City of deeds and of destiny.
Sea-born and sun-bred Mecca to be—
Matchless, magnificent Berkeley!

—Joaquin Miller.

THE TEMPERANCE CAMPAIGN IN OREGON.

In November the people of Oregon will vote on an amendment to the constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. Great things have been accomplished in Oregon by means of the local option measure which was enacted in 1904. Under that law twenty-one whole counties have voted "dry" and many precincts in the fourteen other counties. There are in Oregon at the present time only 600 licensed saloons and 420 of this number are in Portland, leaving but 180 for the balance of the State.

Not a few people in Portland believe that that city ought to be allowed to have its own laws as to the saloon, but the anti-saloon forces reason otherwise. They say:

"Contemplate the greatness of Portland! Its resources. Its water grade. Its present size and wealth. Its rapid growth. Prophecy of its future!

"It is drawing railways. It is drawing produce. It is drawing men and women. Drawing wealth!

"Go among our business men. Ask them whence they

came. Their answer is, 'Oregon.' Speak to the clerks and bookkeepers, the stenographers and office girls. Ask where they came from. The answer is the name of some town in Oregon!

"The valleys and hillsides of Oregon have made Portland, not only in material wealth, but in the people who do the business. The future Portland will be also the creation of Oregon. The wealth amassing in Portland is being dug from Oregon's soil, or cut from Oregon's forests. Portland's business influence is in all parts of the State, and in portions of our neighboring States.

"The people of Portland owe their business, their wealth, and their greatness to Oregon. So the people of Portland may not build and govern this great Oregon city merely to please themselves. The city belongs to Oregon. Oregon must say how Portland will be governed. Oregon must see to it that Portland sends back over the State good pure influences. Oregon must see to it that when her boys and girls go to Portland they go to a clean and safe city."

The movement to put into the constitution of Oregon an amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquor has been well planned and is being ably conducted. The temperance forces are united. The campaign is being conducted on a plan arranged by a committee of fifteen composed of five Prohibitionists, five Anti-Saloon League men and five members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. At the head of the Anti-Saloon League as superintendent, is the Rev. J. R. Knodell, widely known among Pacific coast Congregationalists. Mr. Knodell has been reaching out widely for good campaign speakers, and a few days ago prevailed on George H. Dekay of Berkeley to entrust his business interests to his partner and son for two months and to take a hand in Oregon. Mr. Dekay has promised the Pacific some account of the battle later.

SEATTLE MINISTERIAL FEDERATION.

The Ministerial Federation in Seattle intends to do all it possibly can do for the welfare of that city. At a recent meeting sixteen different departments were constituted and strong committees were appointed to give special attention to the following named interests: Amusements, civic affairs, comity, courts and jails, education, evangelism, immigration, labor, legislature, parks and playgrounds, philanthropy, public morals, sanitation, sympathy.

The president of the Federation says:

"We are going to be fully informed of conditions here. We must have accurate information. Too many good movements have failed because they were not founded on the right premises. We shall have a man investigate all the public amusements of the city, theaters, moving picture shows, etc. We shall have a man at the courts. Ministers have a power, the extent of which they don't fully realize. Thousands listen to their words and heed their teachings, and it behooves them to be fully acquainted with their own city."

The Rev. Dr. Matthews, of the First Presbyterian Church, has returned from the East with the opinion that Seattle is not so wicked a city as many Eastern cities. He says: There is more wickedness of a certain kind—licentiousness and debauchery—in Atlantic City than any other place of its size in the world. There is more infidelity practiced there than in any other city. The East is far more wicked in some ways than the whole West put together.

Dr. Matthews says concerning Seattle in particular: "I am prepared to say and prove it that Seattle is the most delightful, healthful and desirable city in the United States in which to live and rear a family. The world does not dream of the health and comfort to be found here. This city is not known as it should be, and it is our fault. We must spend more to inform the world what we have here.

"I am more than delighted to say that I believe it can be proven that Seattle is morally better than any other city."

We shall be interested in the outcome of these investigations.

Seattle, like not a few other cities, has had a large number of burglaries and hold-ups of late. The Rev. J. M. Gill said recently to a reporter: "They have visited me twice, but overlooked a diamond pin—a gift. I have placed this in a safety vault, nor would I dare to wear it if I remained in Seattle a hundred lears. We are afraid to go out for fear we will lose what we have left, and we are afraid to remain in for fear they may come in and hold us up with a revolver as they have some others."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Among the Presidential possibilities on the Democratic side, in 1912, is Governor Marshall of Indiana. Such has been his administration of affairs that the Republicans of Indiana in State convention assembled, a few weeks ago, made no criticism of him and his official acts, either in the convention or in the platform at that time adopted by them.

Thus far only two cities having more than half a million population have been reported by the census bureau. They are St. Louis and Pittsburg, having respectively a population of 687,029 and 533,905. Detroit comes up closely to the half million, having 423,715. The growth of some of the Eastern cities has been such as to astonish some of the Westerners who have thought that only the far West had been having rapid growth the last ten years. Detroit's increase was 63 per cent. Denver had an advance of almost 60 per cent. Kansas City, 52. Denver's population is now 213,381; that of Kansas City 248,381.

The New York Independent in an article having the caption "God Save California" notes the receding tide of Japanese immigration in the following ironical fashion: "This will cause a sigh of relief throughout the land. Although the population of California at the last census was 1,485,053, there are still actually 40,000 Japanese in their midst. That is to say , to every thirty-seven whites there is one deadly yellow peril. But even should this receding tide of Japanese immigration be but temporary, California need not despair. According to the federal constitution, if she can't protect herself, the other forty-five States, to say nothing of Hawaii and Alaska, are bound to come to her aid."

Mr. H. H. Carr, of Illinois, president of the National Farmers' Association, has been on the coast for several months, looking for a place to recommend to retired farmeds. As a result he says: "I have been on the go for four months, and have traveled from San Diego north through the fruit-growing regions of California, Oregon and Washington and Montana, and have stopped at many places to see the country. It seems to me that in any one of the fruit-growing districts in the four States I name a man who wants some activity to occupy his mind and body or even desires to gain a competence, can take ten or twenty acres without mistake. Anything a man wants in way of

climate can be found on the Pacific coast, and I believe it is just the country for our retired farmers." Score another mark for the Pacific coast.

Leslie's weekly in its issue for September 1st, on the page of "People Talked About," has a picture and a brief sketch of the career of James A. Blaisdell, who was recently elected president of Pomona college. "The new incumbent until his call to California was professor of Biblical literature and religious history in Beloit college, Wisconsin. He held that position since 1903 and was graduated from that institution in 1889. He is, too, a graduate of Hartford Theologican seminary and of the University of Chicago's theological school. For several years he was pastor of the Congregational church at Waukesha, Wisconsin. He was also a member of the board of trustees of Beloit college. While in Beloit he spoke regularly in the Congregational church and was frequently invited to occupy other pulpits, for he was known as a forceful preacher."

A LOS ANGELES "REST-ROOM."

W. N. Burr.

We did not find it in one of the large mercantile establishments, nor in a library building or club-house. It is not called a rest-room, and may never have been thought of as such by anybody else; but it so appealed to me the day I was there. It is known as "The Church of the Messiah (Congregational.)"

Out at the corner of Washington street and Van Ness avenue we found it—a plain little frame building with a bungalow effect, bearing ecclesiastical marks which readily suggest the purpose for which it is used. The foundation is laid for a larger building, and plans are underway for the immediate erection of a portion of the proposed structure; but my "rest-room" is only the plain little pioneer building of the enterprise.

We went out to the morning service one Sunday of the recent vacation. It was a warm summer day, and the heat had more freedom in and about the thin-walled frame structure than in the large, heavy-built churches down town. But the breeze had more freedom, too, and we were not uncomfortable. The ventilation was admirable, and that, perhaps, was one of the invigorating, rest-producing features of the place. It was a summer congregation that gathered that morning, probably about seventy-five people; but the pastor, Rev. Stanley Ross Fisher, was at the helm, so we were privileged to see the work in the hands of the leader of the enterprise, which in this case was much more satisfactory than to have sat under the ministrations of a "supply" unfamiliar with the service. Is it not always more satisfying to find the pastor in his pulpit than to follow the lead of a "supply?" Well—there are exceptions. I attended one church this summer that had a four-weeks' "supply," who stood his ground before three thousand people, as complete master of the situation as if he were in his own church, and overtopping in almost every sense both the pastor and the pastor emeritus. This was not a Congregational church.

Possibly a blind man attending service at my "rest-room" church might easily imagine that he had been taken to an Episcopal service. It was stately, ritualistic, and had the "feel" of the Episcopal service running through it from beginning to end. But the man at the desk did not wear a robe, the choir was not "vested," and many things that the eye could see had more of a Congregational than an Episcopal appearance. The platform is provided with both reading desk and pulpit, however, the pastor moving from the desk to the pulpit from which to deliver the sermon. I like that. It helps to put the distinctive stamp upon the service of worship and the service of instruction.

The little church has no organ, a piano is used instead. A quartette of well-trained voices leads in the hymns and responses, and introduces excellent special music into the service, the pastor himself taking the tenor part.

The order of service the morning we were there ran as follows: Piano Voluntary; hymn; brief call to worship; invocation; response (choir); confession (congregation); prayer; anthem (choir); responsive reading; gloria; hymn; scripture reading, John 21:1-12; response; general thanksgiving; prayer; quartette, "Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me;" offering; offertory response (choir); hymn;, "Break thou the Bread of Life;" sermon; prayer; hymn; dismissal reading and benediction.

The sermon was based on the Master's words recorded in John 21:6—"Cast the net upon the right side of the ship, and ye shall find."

"Few gospel scenes are more tender than this one," said the speaker. "The disciples had been facing experiences full of mystery and heart-break and weariness; but now the strain was over. At such times men instinctively turn and pick up the old work that has occupied them before the pressure of strange experiences came upon them. In those relaxing days just after the crucifixion and resurrection of their Master, it was the most natural thing in the world for Peter to be saying to his fellow disciples, 'I go a-fishing.'

"They turned to their nets; but the night dragged on and the morning came, and they had caught nothing. Then came the Master:

" 'Children, have ye any meat?' he asked.

" 'No,' they answered.

" 'Cast thy net on the **right** side of the ship, and ye shall find,' said He. And they followed His directing, and the net so filled with fishes that they were not able to draw it. Night, nothing; morning, Master; and with the coming of the Master, relief."

The speaker then amplified his teaching under these heads: 1. What we long for is often nearer than we think. 2. We should never be afraid to change our methods. Beware of the tyranny of habit. It is not always wise to be picking up new things, but he is wise who is able to discern a truly progressive movement. 'Time makes ancient good uncouth'—sometimes. 3. Christ can manage our daily life better than we can manage it ourselves. The disciples were very familiar with that lake, but the Master knew more about it than they. The minister may not understand you, but his Christ does."

Now why have I called this little church a "rest-room?" I will tell you.

That Sunday evening we attended "evening worship," so the calendar read, at a big down town church of another denomination. Everything was big. The crowd was immense, two thousand people, at least. The choir was big, nearly one hundred singers in the great chorus. The organ was big, and was played more to get tremendous thunderings out of it than soothing sweetness. The "evening worship" program was a sacred concert given by the choir, with a ten-minutes' talk on "music" by a supply minister. The only prayer was a brief invocation after the opening hymn. Some of the solo voices were exceptionally good. The "Inflammatus" from Rossini's "Stabat Mater" was well

rendered by the great choir and a strong, sweet, sympathetic soprano. But the general effect was an appeal for a big crowd and a big time, and many of the congregation seemed to regard the evening as "visiting time." Going out, the church crowd necessarily mingled with a gay Sunday evening street crowd, and I felt as if I had been to an entertainment on the grounds of a world's fair exposition, and was now forced to walk the length of the "Midway Plaisance" to get home. I needed the uplift of **reverence**, so manifest at the morning service at the Church of the Messiah, to give me grace to "keep Sunday in the heart" as I faced the Sunday evening street throng. I was thankful for the sense of the unseen that **had** flooded my soul at the morning service. It is the appeal to **reverence** that makes the little Church of the Messiah a rest-room for the soul.

La Canada, California.

ANENT THE SWAMI.

S. H. Cheadle.

In the Pacific of August 4th are some brief quotations from a lecture by Swami Budhananda, of Calcutta. As giving a glimpse of Hindu philosophy they are quite interesting, and they stimulate thought. What can we accept? What must we reject? What is our own conception of God?

In all ages men have been striving to bring God down within the comprehension of the finite mind. Out of this endeavor have sprung idolatry and the worship of images. Men have felt that they must give to God some kind of form and a definite locality. Hence they made idols and images to represent the unknown and incomprehensible. Even where God inspired men with revelations and conceptions of the true nature of the Divine Being—when they tried to express these conceptions in human language, they felt the necessity of using anthropomorhpisms, giving God the human form, speaking of God's hands, God's arms, God's face, God's mouth, etc. But some grasped a higher conception of God, saying, "The heaven of heavens cannot contain Him."

Again:

"Whither shall I go from thy spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?
If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there:
If I make my bed in Sheol, behold thou art there.
If I take the wings of the morning,
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
Even there shall thy hand lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me."

The immanence of God is here clearly recognized. God is spirit, mind, filling the universe. The Swami seems to be right when he says God must be formless, for to conceive of form there must be limitations. But when the denies the personality of God, we at once ask, what constitutes personality? We answer, **thought.** We cannot conceive of spirit, mind, without intelligence. Even in idiots the trouble is not in the mind but in the brain cells. And we cannot conceive of intelligence without thought, and there cannot be thought without personality. Personality is self-consciousness; and the very act of thinking produces self-consciousness.

The question arises, can mind apart from matter, apart from brain cells, and apart from the organism of the brain, think and perceive? The materialist says, No. The spiritualist says, Yes. And affirms that brain cells and ganglia are not necessary to thought and intelligence in pure spirit. In this affirmation he is supported by the Bible, especially by Jesus and Paul, and by some of the best thinkers among scientists and philosophers. Berkeley says, "By the word spirit we mean only that which thinks, wills and perceives." Des Cartes started with his famous proposition, **"I think, therefore, I am."** He said that he was sure that he himself was a thinker, and, as he knew that there cannot be thought without a person, he knew that he had personality. But, he knew, also, since there is thought outside of man in the universe, that there is outside of man a thinker."

It was said of Agassiz, "He is not only a scientific thinker; he is a scientific force." Agassiz said, "That until it could be proved that matter does think, and feel, and choose, he should take the existence of thought, not our own in nature as the proof of the existence there of a personal thinker not our selves."

Even if we should say that invisible, tenuous matter is coeternal with the universe of spirit, the forming of orderly systems of worlds, swinging in exact orbits, out of this tenuous matter, required intelligence, thought, and the exercising of power. This thought and the quotations above contradict the Swami when he says that God does not act. Even if we should become idealists and say, "God is all and all is God," then we are God and God is acting in us and in all the realm of living nature. But we who are realists believe in the existence of both spirit and matter as distinct entities. We believe that spirit cannot die. Dead mind would be an anomaly. But we see matter dead and decaying, a change that can never happen in the realm of spirit. If matter were only an expression of mind it always would be living and could not become dead. God is immanent, intelligent, spirit permeating the universe. "In Him we live and move and have our being." In Him universal nature lives, and moves, and has its being. This immanent Spirit is intelligent everywhere, whether on earth, the Pleiades, the Southern Cross, or the Corona Borealis. It follows that the faintest whisper in the human heart is understood and responded to. The human body becomes a temple of God, where the infinite spirit of God and the finite spirit of man meet in holy communion and a blessed fellowship. The spirit of man having limitations, necessarily has form and so is in contradistinction to the spirit of God.

It seems to me that Christian thinkers ought to awaken to a realization of the fact that much of this Hindu conception of God is taking possession of the minds of many people in this country and that they ought to affirm and prove that God is more than **good**, more than spiritual force; that He can think and act.

Colorado City, Col.

IT TAKES SO LITTLE.

It takes so little to make us sad,
Just a slighting word or a doubting sneer,
Just a scornful smile on some lips held dear;
And our footsteps lag, though the goal seem near,
And we lose the courage and hope we had—
So little it takes to make us sad.

It takes so little to make us glad,
Just a cheering clasp of a friendly hand,
Just a word from one who can understand;
And we finish the task we long had planned,
And we lose the doubt and the fear we had—
So little it takes to make us glad.

THE VIRGIN BIRTH.

Editor of The Pacific:

The question raised by W. C. P. on page 9 of the issue of the Pacific for Aug. 25, respecting the very prevalent rejection among Bible students of the dogma of the Virgin Birth, is one which deserves as fair and consistent an answer as can be given. Speaking personally, as one whose love and reverence for Jesus Christ as Lord of all have in no way been decreased by the conviction that his birth was as that of other mortals, I would say that the grounds for such a position are two, (1) evidential and (2) philosophical.

(1.) Granting the presumptive evidence in favor of the dogma, as recorded in Matthew and Luke, evidence, which, by the way, differs so radically when the two are compared, that the story loses, rather than gains weight in the home of its friends,—we are confronted by the singular and unescapable fact, that the earliest New Testament records give no hint of a supernatural origin of Jesus. Galatians, the two Corinthians, the two Thessalonians, and the gospel of Mark are regarded by the majority of Bible students as the oldest documents in the New Testament canon. They are profoundly silent on this question. Following them came other epistles, Pauline, Johannine, anonymous, by nature both encyclical and local. Again we observe the same significant and unbroken silence. Indeed, in Romans 1:3, Paul expressly declares that Jesus "was born of the seed of David, according to the flesh." This cannot be reconciled with the idea of spiritual conception. Corroborating this evidence of Paul we discover that the Petrine tradition, recorded in Acts 2:22, held to the humanistic origin of Jesus, calling Him, "a man approved of God unto you." To sum up this point, we cannot find in the evidence of scripture those grounds for a belief in the Virgin Birth which the cardinal nature of the dogma, according to its supporters, would demand. An event, ignored by Jesus, passed over by Paul, slighted by Mark, and actually contradicted by Luke, (vid. Acts 2:22) cannot present creditable claims of historicity.

(2.) Of more significance, however, than the evidential grounds, are the philosophical. Two untenable postulates are assumed by the adherents of the Virgin Birth hypothesis. First, that the sinless demands, as a sine qua non, a supernatural origin. Now if this were true, it ought to follow that Christ was sinless because He could not help it. His supernatural birth endowed Him with a nature absolutely impervious to the darts of temptation. Otherwise, where the need of holding this premise at all? Yet that Christ was unassailable by moral evil is overwhelmingly contradicted by all the gospel evidence. He was tempted and tried like other mortals, and the supreme worth of Jesus appears just in this,—not that a miraculous birth kept Him from sinning, but that a voluntary and complete sanctifying of Himself gave Him the power to vanquish sin. As He said, "I do nothing of myself, but as the Father taught me." And if it be rejoined that this identifying of His will with that of His Father imposed a strain upon Him that could not have been born if merely mortal, we reply, there is no scintilla of philosophic truth in the assertion that to get born in a supernatural way is the sole method of living in a sinless way.

But, second, it does not logically follow, as W. C. P. implies, that to reject the dogma of Virgin Birth means the equal rejection of the so-called "miraculous." This reasoning, like the one just touched upon, is loose and unconvincing. The belief in a miracle is affected by many factors—by historic evidence, by a philosophic necessity or absurdity, by the demands of a rational faith, by the appeal of consistency. Many miracles of Jesus are beyond the shadow of cavil. Of these it is not necessary to speak. The point simply is this: that the whole marvelous fabric of the earthly life of Jesus in no way stands or falls, in accordance with our views of the Virgin Birth.

I have tried to give succinctly and convincingly, the reasons which operate in the minds of those who cannot honestly accept this dogma. This, I understand, is what W. C. P. asked for. Of course, upon a subject large enough to inspire a whole literature, it is hardly possible to do more than hint at premises and conclusions within the limits of a paper as brief as this.

SHELTON BISSELL.

La Jolla, Cal., Aug. 30, 1910.

MY PRAYER.

M. B. S.

In this lone hour of the night,
When all is dark and still,
I lift my eyes to Thee, O, Lord,
That I may learn Thy will.

Come show me what is in my heart
And make me pure within;
Come wash me in that precious blood
Which cleanses from all sin.

Come fill me with Thy spirit, Lord,
That what Thou teacheth me,
I may be fitted by Thy grace
To do, to say, to be.

To go where Thou wouldst have me go,
To stay or here, or there,
And, should the way be fraught with pain,
With patience sweet, to bear.

Give me the faith that overcomes,
Thy strength perfect in me
Whose weakness and whose failures, Lord,
Thine eye dost plainly see.

Help me to feel for others woes,
To make their burdens mine,
To cause into their weary hearts
Some rays of hope to shine.

And let the likeness of Thyself
So stamped upon me be
That they who see shall be constrained
To love and follow Thee.

SUNDAY MAIL DELIVERY.

Do you go to the post-office on Sunday for mail? If so consider the following from some of the postmasters:

The postmaster at Toledo, Ohio, says: "I am in favor of a boycott on this building on Sunday. The Bible says we shall work six days and rest the seventh, and I believe that applies to all cases. The employes of this department of the United States Government are just as anxious to rest on Sunday as any workingman who may be earning his living by working for some commercial house. People little realize what a grind it is in this work. The boys who handle

the mail get little variety in their work. It is the same thing day after day with no change whatever, and no excitement of ever so small a nature. It is just the steady treadmill. Sanitary conditions in this building are very bad. Several of my boys have died from diseases contracted while working in here. Others have weak eyes and others are failing, and I can see it as the months go by. Of course, there are some business men who might be benefiated by Sunday delivery of mail at the postoffice, but I will venture to say the percentage is very small. Our men like a day in the parks as well as any other workingman. If they come down here Sunday and get the mail ready for delivery at the window, over half the day is gone, and in most cases all of it."

The postmaster in New York City says concerning the demand on Sunday in that city: "Mail is delivered on Sundays between 9 a. m. and 11 a. m. except at the general delivery department of the main office where it is delivered all day long. The greater part of it is called for by representatives of business houses, transient guests at hotels, and citizens who are expecting important letters. Hundreds of other citizens, who rent boxes at the General Postoffice and stations, call and empty their boxes on Sundays.

"While Sunday work is necessary it is only right that it should be curtailed as far as possible, and at this office it is so curtailed; and in every case where employes are obliged to perform duty on Sundays, they should be allowed compensatory time off during the week following. Postoffice employes, like men in other walks of life, should not be compelled to work more than six days each week."

"A LIVING WAGE."

From a Sermon by the Rev. A. W. Palmer of Oakland.

A living wage means something more than enough to live on, even more than enough to support a family on. It means, in addition to meeting physical needs, enough to make possible a genuine mental and spiritual life. Until a wage unables a man to have books and music in his home, until it enables him to enter, on a self-respecting basis, into the church of his neighborhood, it is in no real sense a living wage. And a living wage involves also a shorter working day—not only money to buy things but leisure to possess them.

Two forces must work together to secure to all men a living wage. The first is public opinion. In creating a sane public opinion the church can render great service. It is a time to proclaim anew the sacredness of personality. Jesus, who cared for the dirtiest leper, the sickest woman, the humblest child, has a great message for this modern civilization of ours. Christ came "that men might have life, and that they might have it abundantly." How often the child laborer, the sweatshop, the shop girl, underpaid and exposed to terrible temptations, make a mockery of the great purpose for which Christ lived and died!

The other force in securing a living wage must be the labor union. It must educate the great mass of workingmen in self-government. It must make known acts of oppression and appeal to public opinion for their redress. It can help the well-disposed employer of labor by insisting that his unscrupulous and inhuman competitor shall not underbid him because of his willingness to pay starvation wages.

With all its faults and frailities the labor union has yet a great part to play in securing a living wage. But the union must remember that its power is only the power of the public opinion it is able to line up behind its claims. Every act of violence encouraged, or even unrebuked, every ounce of dynamite, every hasty and unjustifiable strike, only delays the day of the living wage.

On the other hand let no man say: "It is my money, my business, I'll do what I want with my own and pay what wages I see fit!" Not so! Business is dead on a desert island! It is society that makes business possible and profitable, and society in the end must see that it is also just and humane. More than that—the silver and the gold and the cattle on a thousand hills belong to God, and it says in the old Book, "What doth the Lord require of thee, O man, but to do justly , and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with thy God!"

GEORGE C. ADAMS.

Sixty Well-Spent Years.

The Rev. George C. Adams, D.D., pastor of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, passed into the other life from his summer cottage in Mill Valley on Saturday, September 3, 1910, aged 60 years 5 months and 27 days.

A native of Castine, Maine, he was ordained to the Christian ministry in 1875, after graduating from Amherst College and Yale Theological Seminary. His first pastorate was at Alton, Illinois, from which place he went to St. Louis in 1881, where he remained until called to the pastorate of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco in 1896. He came here at one of the most critical times in the history of that church, at a time when it was evident that only the wisest management could restore it to its place of usefulness in the city and on the coast. At once it became evident that Dr. Adams was the man for the place, and in an incredibly short time the old First Church was once more exercising a great influence for good near and far. Dr. Adams had the faculty of attracting men to his church; they liked him as a man among men and they liked to hear him preach. He had always a message which appealed strongly to men. Men realized as never before as they listened to him that there was that in the Church to summon them to real manly effort for its upbuilding, and he had not only an unusually large proportion of men in his congregation, but was able to rally around him throughout his pastorate a body of strong men devoted to the work of the Church and Kingdom.

The great disaster in April, 1906, was a heavy blow to him, wrapped up as he was in the success of his church and so anxious for it to be a great power for good, not only in this city by the Golden Gate and along these western shores but all around the globe. With the building in ruins and the membership widely scattered, he went to work heroically, as he had ten years before, to restore it to its place of influence and usefulness, and with marked success. But the struggle was a hard one and it was evident that the untoward conditions of the years immediately following that disaster told on him, and gradually wore him out. Optimism and courage kept up, but no work was done with such mental ease as it had been theretofore. A trip around the world accompanied by Mrs. Adams, two years ago, was of great help, and it seemed after his return as if the devoted man was to be spared to his work many years yet.

Readers of The Pacific are already familiar with the fact that on Thursday, August 25th, he betook himself to his cottage in Mill Valley for a few hours of quiet rest and was found there about ten that night, after long search, unconscious on the floor of the cottage, prostrated thus by a stroke of apoplexy complicated with heart trouble. After

consciousness was restored he lingered in a weak condition until Saturday afternoon when he passed away. A slight improvement for a while gave hope to his family and his church that recovery might be such as to give him some years more of life though not of ministerial work. Soon, there was a change for the worse, and the beloved husband, father, pastor, had in a brief time thereafter passed the earthly border line!

There was sadness everywhere when word came of his exodus—not only in Congregational circles; not only in all Protestant circles, but in Roman Catholic and Jewish likewise, for Dr. Adams was a man of such catholic spirit as to be esteemed by religious men and women wherever known. It was realized that an able consecrated worker had fallen and that it would be a long time before any one man could be found to take his place and do the work he had done and was doing.

Not only in the home, not only in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, will there be a large vacancy, but every Congregational interest in California will miss his wise counsel and marked helpfulness. One who was indeed a leader has fallen!

Tuesday afternoon the church in which he had preached these many years was filled with sympathetic friends from the different bay cities as the final public farewell services were conducted by the Rev. C. R. Brown of the First Congregational Church of Oakland. Mr. Brown said that he came not so much as a clergyman as a personal friend to utter words out of his own heart concerning one who had been to him a close friend and brother. Coming to California the same month, he said they had worked together in mutual helpfulness for fourteen years and it seemed now that a great light had gone out of his sky. Briefly Mr. Brown sketched Dr. Adams' life of service to his church and city and state. It was said that he carried a benediction into all kinds of homes and gave himself all these years in such a manner that he could never be separated from that which is vital in the history of the church. Always and in all ways was he a worthy ambassador of Jesus Christ, and if he could speak today he would say to us to hold this farewell service as behooves Christians. Drawing then some lessons for those assembled there Mr. Brown spoke of death as a sleep, an exodus and an unmooring. It is an experience in life and not a termination; a going out into things and places of larger promise; a voyage into harbor.

The large congregation of friends looked then for the last time on the face of the departed in the casket resting on the pulpit platform embanked with flowers, and passing out of the auditorium the body was left with those nearest and dearest and with the church trustees for private interment. And so have ended sixty well spent years!

The California Christian Advocate says concerning Dr. Adams:

The death of Dr. George C. Adams, pastor of the First Congregational church, San Francisco, is deeply regretted by the entire Christian community. He has been pastor of this large and influential church since 1896. It is needless to say that Dr. Adams was greatly beloved by his people. He came to this church at a time when only a strong man, a well-balanced man, a man of high spiritual ideals could succeed. Dr. Adams was the right man for that most difficult task. His influence was not only strong and dominant in his own church and congregation, but widely felt in the city and over the State. Dr. Adams was a man of great sincerity and clear-cut personal piety, and of spiritual mindedness. He put emphasis on the deep, fundamental things of the gospel. He never in all these fourteen years resorted to any weak, sentimental or sensational methods. He was sometimes misunderstood in his attitude toward civic reform. He believed with the late Dr. John Hall of New York that the duty of the ministry was fundamental and primary and that he could have a more effectual influence upon civic matters by treating them through the fundamental priniciples of the gospel. Dr. Adams as a rule did not take a hand in the open reform discussions. It often seemed to us that he might have done so effectually. There is something to be said on his side of the proposition. Dr. Adams was one of the most brotherly of men. He was solid, sincere and gentle in personality. He possessed a rare geniality and approachableness, at the same time he was always dignified and strong. There were many most lovable traits in his character. He was not only an able preacher, a wise administrator, but a thoroughly good man. All Protestantism deeply sorrows with the First Congregational church in the loss of their great pastor. Dr. Adams was but sixty years old and appeared to be only in middle life.

SOME THINGS I'D LIKE TO KNOW.

Here are some things I'd like to know
That books don't tell and maps don't show.
And I have asked our teacher, too,
But she can't answer them. Can you?

Is the spruce tree always neat and trim?
  Does the dogwood ever bark?
Will the peach tree ever tell on him
  Who keeps his misdeeds dark?

Does the locust chirp, or does it hum?
  Does the willow pay its debts?
Does the palm possess a wrist or thumb?
  Do pear trees come in sets?

Do beeches grow down by the sea?
  Is the chestnut a worn-out joke?
Must the plane tree's limbs quite level be?
  Are charts from the "Charter Oak"?

Do hogfish eat from the trough of the sea?
  Who makes up the river's bed?
Do sea dogs sail over bays in barks?
  Are marooners always red?

Are thirty-six inches a lumber yard?
Can a mile "tie" a sailor's knot?
Do they measure fish by pole or perch?
  Are web feet the spider's lot?

Is ice ever weighed on a sliding scale?
  Are canes swung by walking beams?
Does a postman wear a coat of mail?
  Are slippers used by spanking teams?

And, last of all, this bothers me:
  What kind of blossom, nut or fruit
(Or kind of "Nursery Blocks" may be)
  Would grow from planting a square root?

—St. Nicholas.

LABOR DAY AND LABORERS.

Most of the pastors preached on some phase of the labor movement on last Sunday. There is no need of arraigning the Church for conditions it has not brought about. There is nothing gained by prefaces and presuppositions which imply that the Church is responsible for antagonisms be-

tween capital and labor. Here and there is a minister who says some things on his own account in which he criticises labor and capital. The heart of all the churches, whenever they have spoken, has been true to the highest interest of the laborer and of the capitalist. The church has no way to create work. That is one of the most complicated problems connnected with the labor movement. Nothing is more unjust than to accuse the ministry and the Christian system of hardship to laborer because there is no work. It is freely admitted one of the most lamentable conditions which could be found is the condition of no work. There is a despair, a sense of weakness when workmen face the destitution of no work.

These springs of industry which produce work seem to be hidden. Creating remunerative toil is one of the unsolved mysteries of civil society. The question of over work has a more clearly discerned code. Greed leads capital to work the laborer long hours. It sometimes happens that the laborer who finds that he can have a larger wage by working long hours will do so and thereby shut out his fellow workmen. This was done in many instances during the rebuilding of San Francisco. Thousands of stone masons and carpenters made a wage and a half each day by working overtime.

Business has well-defined limitations in respect to the amount of labor and the compensation for the same. For a ten-hour day a wage can be paid which cannot be paid for a nine-hour day. That is fixed by the amount and value of the product. When the ten-hour day, the nine-hour day, or the eight-hour day is reduced to the integers it is simply a question of wages. If an employer is paying the highest wage his business will bear, the reduction of hours is simply another way of changing the wage. If the employer is not paying a fair wage he should either reduce the hours or advance the wage. It seems to us that the Church should insist on a conscientious action on the part of the employer and employe, but beyond that we are not quite able to see how the Church can go without assuming the functions of civil society.

As to the distribution of wealth we cannot see how the public can go beyond the insistence upon righteousness. The Church should strongly insist on fairness and justness. In the matter of adjusting difficulties, the Church can emphasize the principle of arbitration. Arbitration is purely a judiciary proceeding. In a free country like this the principle of voluntary arbitration has always been operative. Parties to any dispute may always call in a third party. When we talk about compulsory arbitration we are using contradictory terms. The present judiciary system is nothing more than compulsory arbitration. We should be exceedingly careful not to weaken our present judiciary by imposing another on top of it. Laborers should remember that the judiciary is the only way civil society has for adjusting its difficulties. There is no way of enforcing the Golden Rule on others unless we practice it ourselves. Following the Golden Rule gives us the right to insist that others shall follow it. The Church cannot discharge the functions of civil society unless it possesses civil authority, which would be a contravention of all American ideals. What then, in all candor, can the Church do? It can voice the rights of men. It can stimulate the action of civil society. It can guide the moral principles of society. It can plead the cause of the weak against the oppression of the strong. It can keep the moral atmosphere clear. The Church cannot safely assume any of the functions of civil authority. The Church can build right sentiment and call all civil authority to the bar of righteousness.—California Christian Advocate.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Grass Valley.—The Rev. F. E. Dell has accepted a call to Wauseon, Ohio.

Los Angeles, Olivet.—The pulpit is being supplied by the Rev. John L. Maile.

Fruitvale, Ward Memorial.—The Sunday-school attendance has reached fifty-one.

Berkeley First.—Seven persons came into the fellowship of the church last Sunday.

Beulah Heights.—The Rev. O. W. Lucas preached at Beulah Heights Sunday evening.

San Francisco, Bethlehem.—One person united with the church last Sunday on confession.

North Berkeley.—At the Sunday communion service one person was welcomed into fellowship, uniting by letter.

Alameda First.—Fifteen persons united with the church at the communion service last Sunday, six coming in on confession.

Bakersfield.—The pastor, the Rev. E. R. Fuller, is in the East, and will remain until after the National Council in Boston in October. Rev. E. A. Lathrop, recently from Georgia, is acting as supply.

Los Angeles, First.—Mrs. Warren F. Day, wife of the pastor emeritus, was badly injured recently by being thrown from the steps of a street car. Her left arm was broken close to the shoulder. Under the best of care she is doing better than might be expected.

Fresno, German Third Church.—The new building was dedicated last Sunday. The membership has increased from 80 to 100 since the church was organized early this year. The new organization is made up mainly of the Russian Germans who have adopted many American ways.

San Francisco, Bethany.—Since the first of the year forty persons have united with Bethany church, eleven being received last Sunday, eight of them on confesion. A choral society of 35 members is a valuable acquisition to the Bethany work. Sunday evening concerts are given every two months.

San Francisco, Green Street.—The church counts itself fortunate in its workers this year. Professor and Mrs. Castor of Pacific Theological Seminanry will reside in the apatments there and will give considerable time to the work. It will also be the home of the Rev. and Mrs. Huber Burr, who will participate in the work. Mr. Burr has come to San Francisco to engage in the work of the Sunday-school and publishing society in this part of the state. Among the Green street force also this year is a young Englishman and his wife, the later having charge of the music.

Clayton.—Last Sunday (Aug. 28) we organized a new branch Sunday School at Morgan Territory, seven miles above here, and thirteen miles from any other church or town. There were 25 present, and 23 were enrolled in the school. Morgan Territory is a little settlement on the eastern side of Mt. Diablo, with few people and none of the

conveniences and institutions of civilization except the district school and the new Sunday school. There were present children of twelve and thirteen years of age who had never before heard a preacher, nor been at any religious service.

Sacramento.—Mr. A. C. Sweetser, a California pioneer, and a long time beloved member of the Sacramento church, passed into the other life on Monday, August 29, aged 90 years, 9 months and 26 days. He was born in Waterville, Maine, in 1819, and came to Sacramento in 1849. The Congregational Church of this city never had a more energetic and valuable worker. He was deacon, Sunday-school superintendent, and treasurer. Many hours of his time he devoted to the work and his purse strings were always open in time of financial aid. In business he was honest, always giving others the best of it and taking the small end himself. He was a true friend, ever ready to help others; but he was firm in what he thought was right, and no one ever knew him to give up the struggle for righteousness.

Niles.—The annual meeting of the Congregational church took place on Wednesday evening, August 31st, following the annual dinner prepared by the ladies. One hundred and twenty members of the church and congregation were present to partake of the excellent dinner prepared. Rev. F. V. Jones presided over the business meeting which followed, and very favorable reports were given of the Sunday school, Ladies' Guild, Men's League and Knights of King Arthur. The report of the treasurer of the church was most gratifying as it showed that for the first time in the history of the church the income for the year was $275 in excess of all expenditures, including benevolences. After the reports were heard, the building of a new church was discussed and much enthusiasm was manifested, as shown by the fact that before the close of the meeting between $3,500 and $4,000 had been pledged by those present. The proposed church is to cost $10,000 and the hearty response at this first meeting insures the completion of it in the near future.

Los Angeles, Park.—The recent removal of Deacon John H. Vening by death has been much felt by those who have seen his long years of service and intense loyalty to Christ and his Church. For more than twenty years Deacon Vening had been a most active member, and most of that time an office bearer, maintaining a most sincere and active interest in all the details of the church's interest. If there were any screws that needed tightening anywhere Mr. Vening was the one to see the need and the first to lend a hand. His interest in the church was like his interest in his own home—it was a heartfelt and personal interest, to a degree uncommon today. It was an actual pain if, for any reason, he was not able to spend and be spent for his beloved Zion. For many years Bro. Vening was superintendent of the Sunday-school and always present at Sunday-school, either as teacher or scholar. At the prayer-meeting also his seat was always filled while his prayers and testimonies always had the ring of true devotion. "Well done, good and faithful servant," we say, and such would be his welcome on the other shore. Mr. Vening was born in Devonshire, England, 1869. Mrs. J. H. Vening, with two sons and one daughter, remain to prolong the memory of a devoted husband and loving father.

Oakland First.—Last Sunday evening the entire central part of the auditorium was set aside for the members of the various unions affiliated with the Building Trades and Central Labor councils of Oakland to which organizations the pastor of the church has been an accredited fraternal delegate from the Ministers' Union for the last three years. Mr. Brown spoke on "The Claims of Organized Labor," saying, in part: "It was Christ, the carpenter of Nazareth, who said, 'The laborer is worthy of his hire.' He earns it. His wages are not to be regarded as a friendly gift or a bit of generosity from his employer, but as his right. The working people are not asking for charity but for justice. They want an equitable share of the wealth which they help to create. In order to secure justice they must stand together. The cause of one must become the cause of many. What chance would an individual worker acting on the old principle of personal bargaining, have against a powerful corporation? Organized labor can influence legislation. It would be beautiful if Legislatures were ready to enact laws touching the safeguarding of dangerous machinery, the proper ventilation of mines, the proper liability of employers in case of accident, the restricting of immature child labor, the providing of sanitary conveniences bearing on the health and morals of men and women employes, and all the rest, without having pressure brought to bear. The facts, however, are the other way. Wholesome legislation has only been secured as working people have in organized fashion made their demands heard. The benefits of organization go deeper than any question of wages and hours. They are seen in a higher efficiency and in the fact that the reaction upon the employers themselves is wholesome. It is hard for any man or set of men to deal habitually with those who are helpless, who can be controlled without being consulted. It produces the spirit of the autocratic master rather than the attitude of a servant of the larger good. The whole drift of modern civilization is toward a broader distribution of power, toward a broader distribution of power, toward a more democratic spirit in the control of our industries."

WASHINGTON NEWS.

(Rev. C. F. Clarke, Correspondent, 7212 Woodlawn Ave., Seattle.)

Anacortes.—Evangelist Reid spent three Sundays and the days between helping the pastor, Rev. A. H. Dolph, gather in the fruits of Mr. Osborn's evangelistic campaign. Many cards had been signed and eleven have united with the church and others are expected.

Seattle Brotherhood.—Over one hundred men gathered at the Y. M. C. A. for luncheon to meet Dr. Edward Lincoln Smith upon his return from Europe and listened with the utmost interest to his account of the great missionary conference at Edinburgh.

Edmunds.—Since Rev. Wm. L. Richardson became pastor there has been a marked increase in spiritual interest and the church has paid all its debts and has repaired and decorated its house of worship. The ladies of the church presented it with an individual communion set. Eight were received into membership on confession and two by letter at the August communion.

Washington Conference.—The annual meeting of the Washington Conference of Congregational Churches and of the Washington Home Missionary Society will be held at the Westminster Church, Spokane, September 20th to 22nd. It is hoped that every church in the state will be represented by its pastor and its lay delegates. A very full pro-

gram has been arranged and much business of importance, especially concerning our misionary society, is expected to come up. Our laymen do not seem to appreciate the uplift they can receive and the good that may come to their church by their attendance. For some years Seattle has sent a large delegation of laymen to the Conference to the gerat benefit of the churches of the city. Would that other cities would do liekwise. It will pay you, brethren, to go.

MRS. CASE OF PETALUMA CALLED UP HIGHER.

Mrs. Harriet Case, widow of the former Deacon A. B. Case, of Petaluma, closed her eyes on earth scenes to awake in heaven last Saturday morning about 8:30 o'clock, Sept. 3, 1910, at the ripe age of eighty-four years and eleven months lacking three days. She was an uncrowned queen. Her hands have always ministered to others—she has fed the hungry and clothed the needy and comforted the sick. She knew from manifold experience that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Many will rise up to call her blessed. She loved her family and her church, and before the infirmities of age came on, it was her life practice to be in her actomed place at the Sunday and mid-week services. Those who knew her best, loved her most. She is survived by a daughter and family. Monday morning a brief service was held at the home, where a number of sympathizing friends had gathered. Rev. R. W. Rodgers and wife accompanied the daughter, Mrs. Carrie I. Hooper, and grandson to the Odd Fellows' cemetery, where after a service the body was cremated.

MINISTERS' MEETING.

The meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity was addressed last Monday by President King of Oberlin College on "The Elements of Opposition in the Ministry of Christ."

Next Monday the Rev. C. R. Brown and the Rev. Horace Houlding will speak.

SAN FRANCISCO ASSOCIATION.

The next meeting will be at Mill Valley on Thursday, September 15th. Organization will be at 2:45. After which will come: "Bible Study" by Professor Tolson of Pacific Theological Seminary; an address by Rev. B. M. Palmer on "The California Indian"; and one by the Rev. W. E. Lawson on "The Supreme Theme of Our Preaching."

After discussion of these addresses there will be a Woman's Hour."

Reports of churches will come just after supper at 6:30. And the evening address will be by Professor Bade of Pacific Theological Seminary, "My Italian Impressions."

The boat to take is the one leaving Market street ferry at 1:45.

THE CHURCH AND THE BOY.

Even a person who is not a keen observer must concede that a great wave of athletic interest is sweeping over this country; and all sensible people will admit that it is a most wlcome and desirable wave. Many, however, will agree that it is a good thing and stop there.

Until recently little attention was paid to the boy in the churches. True, the Boy's Brigade did, for two or three years, give the lad some healthy occupation in the church; but after all, the men received most of the attention.

From twelve to fourteen years of the boy's age the parents and teachers must bear in mind two serious matters. First, it is the period of adolescence—that time in a boy's life when he is restless and nervous, inclined to brooding and thoughtless. Second, he realizes that in a few years he will become a man, and it is not difficult for his companions to wean him away, not only from the Sunday-school but from the path of rectitude as well.

At this point in the battle the Sunday-school Athletic League swings into line. It has been authorized by the evangelical churches of San Francisco to institute and promote athletics in the Sunday-schools. Its field embraces the grown-up boys and even the girls, but its prime effort is devoted to lads from 10 to 15 years.

Its object is two-fold. The League seeks to give the boy some incentive to exercise and to compete, realizing that both are and will be of advantage to him. At the same time it builds a moral fence around him, and quietly informs him that if he jumps the fence he is out, and stays out, unless he crawls back on his hands and knees. Of course the vices are prohibited; but the League goes further. No smoking within the precincts of church or athletic field; no racing on the Sabbath; no unfit language of any kind; no unfair conduct, either on or off the field. Thus it must be plain that the League aims to help the parents, the pastors and the teachers, to bring up the boys to be strong, active Christian gentlemen, a credit to their families and their churches.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Home Misisonary Union of Northern California will be held in Pilgrim church, Oakland, September 15th. Sessions at 10:30 and 1:30. Addresses by Mrs. G. C. Hinman and Rev. L. L. Legters, recently of Oklahoma. Take Hayward car to 8th avenue.

The Home.

THE PSYCHIC INFLUENCE OF DRESS.

A woman physician, who was in daily attendance on a small boy confined to his bed, was told by the child's mother that he was always disappointed when the doctor appeared in any other than a certain dress to which he had taken a great fancy. And thereafter, often at some personal inconvenience, as an aid to recovery, she wore the favorite costume when paying her visit to the child. Another mother of a sensitive, nervous child now grown to womanhood, says that often when the little one was ailing and fretful, she could be soothed and quieted by being allowed to wear certain pretty blue shoes which were generally saved for Sunday or for visiting.

It may be that we have undervalued the psychic influence of dress. The old saying often quoted as consolation for lack of personal attractions, "Handome is that handsome does," has been somewhat overworked. We might profitably reverse the saying, and teach our children, and ourselves as well, to live up to whatever of grace and beauty we may acquire for our outward adornment. The writer well remembers her childish delight in a certain red waist which was given her by an aunt who sometimes added a touch of brightness to the modest and serviceable attire which was considered suitable for the minister's daughter. She verily believes that she was a better be-

haved and healthier, as well as a happier, girl for that red waist and its cheery influence. Who of us does not sympathize with Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm in her aversion to an endless succession of brown gingham dresses, and her delight in the new pink gown!

Grown people as well as children are susceptible to the influence of dress. Dr. Richard Cabot says, "When people take off their everyday clothes and put on their best, we all know the powerful auto-suggestion which they give themselves. We know the different feeling, mental, if not spiritual, as some persons claim, which results." A wise woman says that when feeling indisposed she makes it a practice to wear some article of dress that he particularly likes. It may be a becoming wrapper, or only a pretty collar or tie, but it brings its own peculiar uplift, and she believes that she has even sometimes hastened her convalescence by dressing to receive visitors.

On a stormy day, when not going out or expecting company, one is likely to think that any old gown will do; but it is far better to take particular pains on such days to don something bright and attractive, to counteract the depressing influence of the weather. The plan of a certain young woman of having a box of rainy day ribbons, or of wearing a simple but attractive negligee on a dull afternoon, is a happy one. The depressing consciousness of unbecoming, ill-fitting or unsuitable attire will often make a sensitive woman so uncomfortable that she appears unnaturally stupid. The surest way to be at ease and at one's best is to be dressed appropriately and then forget all about it—for that forgetfulness of self which alone brings poise is a certain result of knowing that one's gown is pretty, becoming and in keeping. A subtle change is produced in the subconscious mind by a change of dress which affects the attitude and pose. It is as natural to put on company manners with company clothes as to put on free and easy camping manners with camping clothes.

We have a custom in so-called civilized countries of making our days of deepest depression still harder to endure by wearing unrelieved black. Among the Chinese the color of mourning is white; among the Turks, violet; among the Koreans, yellow. Why should Christians who profess to believe in an overruling Providence and a glorious immortality, put on the color of sadness and gloom? One woman's health was seriously impaired by living with a widowed sister who was dressed in deep mourning. It sometimes seemed to her that she could not endure being in the same room with that funereal black. Need the purity of white or the soothing quietness of gray be deemed inappropriate for those who mourn the loss of loved ones?

Some of us are doubtless more susceptible than others to the influence of dress; but it is well to recognize the fact that, consciously or unconsciously, we are all more or less influenced by the clothes that we wear or that we see upon our companions. Dr. Schofield, an eminent English physician, in his work on "The Unconscious Mind," says of the clothes of children, "Let them be clean, well-cut, appropriate to the work or occasion, and carefully preserved. The child will learn personal cleanliness, self-respect, neatness, simplicity. And if we have not acquired the well-dressed habit as children, the sooner we acquire it as grown-ups the better for all concerned, for it may become one of those bright rays of light which help to "make a sunshine in a shady place."—Emily Tolman in The Interior.

WHEN THE NEST IS EMPTY.

I came the other day across a nest which, a few weeks ago, was filled with a little family over which the mother bird brooded. She had watched her fledglings for such a long time that I wondered, now that they had flown away, what she would do. The chances were, judging from the other feathered families, that she would go happily on her way, flocking with her kind in the fall, making her winter pilgrimage and free from household cares, singing until spring in some southern country.

The birds are not the only mothers whose young have flown away. Every June bride, every boy who has finished college, and who has gone North, South, East and West to build a new home for himself, has left behind some little mother whose heart is desolate.

In the lives of many women their children have been the one interest and they experience in losing them not only a sense of the giving up of love, but of lack of occupation. They have become so accustomed to looking upon the husband as merely the father of the children that many men wonder if they have any place at all in the domestic lexicon. A friend of mine, mourning the mariage of her daughter, was aghast at her husband's bitter ejaculation, "Am I, then, nothing to you?" She was wise enough to assure him that he was everything, and she congratulated herself that she had not further alienated him at a time when the result might have been fatal to mature married happiness.

The wise woman knows that there comes to her after the nest is empty a second youth time. She experiences freedom after years of sweet bondage, from which she did not seek to be released. She has time for the work of the world and for the trips she has always wanted to take. It is always a joy to me to meet in Florida and California the middle-aged couples who are having second honeymoons, now that there are no babies to rock or boys and girls to chaperon.

This is the time for the wife to renew her acquaintance with her husband. She may find that there is more of the boy in him than she had believed possible after the burdens of wedlock. She may find that all these years he was wanting her tenderness and sympathy, but has let her pour them out upon the children because he could not be quite sure that she still felt her girlish adoration for him. She may find that he and she still have common taste in music and art and literature.

And all this renewal of the joys of courtship and of early mariage need not interfere with her love of the nestlings who have flown away. They will come back, inevitably, appreciating mother more than ever, because distance always lends an enchantment and because the young people learn through their own matrimonial problems to understand those of their parents.

As for the world's work do you know where you are needed, you women who have no more children to mother? Go into your church or the nearest settlement and learn of the babies who want your tender care. Learn of the young mothers of the tenements who will bless your name if you can give them the benefit of your experience and advice. Learn of the girls who are tempted and of the boys who go wrong and for the sake of your own nestlings who have had the safe shelter of the home help these storm-tossed ones who have fallen in hard places. I believe it is the wise mother who should teach Sunday school classes instead of the young and sometimes frivolous girls, for it is the mother who can guide and direct with the knowledge gained by experience., I believe too that grandmothers are invaluable, not only in the home but in every organization, just as wise old men are a help in councils and cabinet, and all places where the hot-headedness of youth must be curbed.

The ideal woman is the one who having been a good mother, is content to be a good grandmother. But she need not be old fashioned in the sense that her grandchildren shall look upon her as a beneficent fairy who hands out cookies and cakes, but she shall be rather a gracious godmother who has held on to her heritage of youthful enthusiasm and gracious beauty, even after old age has claimed her.—Dolly Madison in Northwestern Christian Advocate.

Our Young People

THE TRULY BRAVE.

Who is the truly brave?
The boy with a self-control,
Who curbs his temper and his tongue,
And though he may be big and strong,
Would scorn to do the slightest wrong
To any living soul.

Who is the truly brave?
The boy who can forgive,
And look as though he had not heard
The mocking jest, the angry word;
Who though his spirit may be stirred,
Yet tries in peace to live.

Who is the truly brave?
The boy whose daily walk
Is always honest, pure and bright,
Who cannot and who will not fight,
But stands up boldly for the right,
And shuns unholy talk.

Who is the truly brave?
The boy who fears to sin,
Who knows no other sort of fear,
But strives to keep his conscience clear,
Nor heeds his comrades taunt and jeer,
If he hath peace within.

THE DOCTOR'S HORSE.

Dan was a well-bred horse, not by any means a thoroughbred, but he had been well brought up, as the saying goes. He had gone at an even gait for fifteen years, without showing any adventurous disposition, beyond a half-hearted inclination to appear skittish when the weather was cold and after he had been standing up for several days.

In the main, he was just what a plain, every-day family horse should be, safe and dependable and he gave promise of remaining that way until the rest of his days had passed. But the unexpected did happen. At the beginning of his sixteenth year, Dan had begun to show signs of an uncertainty of temper a kind of impatience not to say disgust with his surroundings. Time after time, when the old doctor who owned him, went to put on the ancient, patched harness and hitch him up to the dilapidated old buggy, Dan would lunge and rear, so that the doctor was constrained to say that certain devils must have entered into him. And he ran away twice, one time pulling up against a bank where he almost ended the life of the buggy if not that of the occupant. However, you know it is said that after a vehicle has reached a certain nage or stage of ricketiness, it with the doctor's buggy.

Many times had friends of the doctor assured him that he badly needed a new harness and buggy, but the doctor had always insisted that they would last as long as the horse and mayhap as long as himself. However, there were those who thought the doctor had an eye on one of the auto advertisements which appeared in his medical journal.

But Dan's disposition was rapidly becoming worse. It was almost impossible to hitch him in the buggy now without the aid of a man to hold him until the driver had seated himself and secured a firm grip on the lines and even then he would start with a lunge that threatened to dismember the venerable outfit. None of the family now dared to drive him and begged the doctor to get rid of him, but he was loath to part with an old friend that had done him such faithful service.

Said he, "Who knows, the poor old horse may be suffering. Still the look in his eye is more of angry disgust than anything else. I guess we'll find out what ails him soon."

But they did not, and Dan was really getting dangerous when the doctor's son came home on a visit. The morning after he arrived, he went with his father to the stable to help him hitch up. When he saw the condition of things, he said, "Father, you should not attempt to drive such an outfit as that. It is dangerous."

"I know it is son. I mean to get rid of Dan right away. I am getting to old to take such risks."

"But you need another buggy and a new set of harness, anyway," said the son.

"John," said his father, "what do you think of those Blank Autos? They are advertised especially for doctors."

"Not worth scrap-iron price," replied John, decidedly. "Cost you more to keep than two horses."

The doctor said no more and they drove on to the city.

When they had completed their business and were ready to return, they went to the feed stable where they had left Dan and the doctor ordered him hitched to his buggy. When the hostler brought the horse, the doctor saw that Dan had on strong new harness and was hitched to a new, rubber-tired buggy.

"Guess you have made a mistake and hitched my horse to the wrong buggy," said the surprised doctor.

"No, he hasn't, father,"John spoke up, "that is my present to you."

"Of course his father was pleased, but who can say that he did not think of the auto with the least bit of regret.

His surprise and pleasure were as nothing to the transformation of Dan. After that he was the most pleased, gentle creature you can imagine, and he drew the new buggy along at lively clip, with his head high and his tail in the air, so that the people remarked that the old doctor had a mighty smart horse and buggy.

And who can say that Dan did not know his worth, and that he did not take the only way he knew to register his protest against being associated with old and dilapidated things?—From Our Dumb Animals.

THE GLOW-WORM'S LESSON.

Beatrice was spending the holiday with her grandmother, who lived in the country. She had a delightful old garden, that the little girl loved to linger in. At the foot of the tall elm there glided a brook, calm and clear as the sunshine that glittered on its surface, and the swallows from the old barn dipped their joyous wings in its tiny waves. To this quiet spot Beatrice now came. The

drowsy murmur of some late working bee, and the scent from the spicy pine tree near, seemed to challenge her attention, and over all was the golden glow of the setting sun.

She leaned back against the lofty elm and gradually became unconscious of the sights and sounds about her. Presently a tiny voice close to her startled her. "Of what use is my light or who sees it down here in the grasses?" it said in a discontented tone. Beatrice carefully turned her head to see who was speaking. There, curled up near, lay a little glow-worm. "If I could shine up there in the sky now, like that beautiful moon or the stars, or even if I could fly about in the air as the fireflies do, I might brighten the world a little, but what good can I do here?"

"Why," thought the little girl, "I know just how the poor thing feels. I've often felt that way myself."

"I will curl up here and sleep, and nobody will miss me," went on the sad little voice. Ah, children, the little glow-worm was very wretched just then. Then, to the watching girl, it seemed as if the worm slept for hours and hours. Then she heard a confusion of sounds. Listening attentively for some time, she at length became able to distinguish some of the words.

"I wonder where he is?" said one.

"This is the garden he has always lived in," said another. "I wish he would come," and so on.

Whom were they speaking about? Who was missed so much?

At length she heard the sleepy voice close to her say "Heigho! I am tired of this. I believe I will light my lamp and go out once more for a stroll." Then, after a little stretching and yawning, the worm started off.

"O, here you are at last," cried the cricket. "Wherever have you been? I can't enjoy my practicing half as much as usual, when your light is not showing."

"Glad to see you," called the daisies and grasses. "The fireflies flit over our heads, but none but yourself thinks of lighting our feet. Where have you been so long?"

The glow-worm flushed at this praise, and was beginning to falter a reply, when he was saved the necessity of an explanation by the lilies who called out cheerily: "O, we are so glad that you have come," and they rang a merry chime to welcome him. "We are so glad you are here."

"Why, you have the moonlight and the starlight and the fireflies to give you light; you surely do not miss my humble glow," said our friend, who in spite of his former depression was beginning to feel that the world was not a bad place, after all, and that he had many friends, where he had thought no one cared for him.

"Yes, we know that the stars and the fireflies are overhead, but we cannot see them, for we cannot lift our heads, our necks are so slender. So, you see, we always watch for your cheery light down in the grass." And all the lily bells pealed another chime, gay enough for a fairy wedding.

"Well, well!" thought the glow-worm, "I will let my light shine after this. I will teach the world to trust, to hope, to work on, to thrust self aside, and who knows but my name may be handed down as one who has at least done his duty."

Just then Beatrice awoke with a start, for grandmother was calling her. "Yes, I'm coming," she said. "What a nice dream I've had!"—Christian Guardian.

THE OLD MAN'S LIKE.

"Do you like to jump, oh, ever so far
Off a high step, or over a bar,
Or down a steep hill, not minding the bump?"
"No," the old man said, "I don't like to jump."

"Do you like to ride on the railroad cars,
And smell the smoke and feel the jars,
And watch the fences running to hide?"
"No," the old man said, "I don't care to ride."

"Do you like to fish down at the spring,
And get a crawdad on your string,
Then bait his hind leg, an' catch what you wish?"
"No," the old man said, "I don't like to fish."

"Do you like to run and run and run,
And yell like Injuns—ain't that fun!
Make the most noise of all the boys?"
"No," the old man said, "I don't like noise."

"But surely you like to climb up trees,
Wa-a-ay up in the sky where's always a breeze;
And skin the cat up high? That's fine!"
"No," the old man said, "I don't like to climb."

"If you don't mind, I wish you'd tell
If you like anything real well?
Is there nothing you like?" The old man smiled:
"The thing I like best is a little child." —Ex.

Temperance sentiment is growing very rapidly in Ireland. Recently great gatherings have been held at Dundalk and Longford to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the Total Abstinence Society. Referring to the work being done by the Protestants at Ulster The Catholic Standard and Times says it amounts to a social revolution. Continuing that journal says:

It is planned to hold a temperance parliament in Belfast in about eighteen months hence, to which representatives from the sister isles, Canada, South Africa, India, China, Australia and the United States and other countries would be invited, in order to take effective measures and make a world-wide movement to eradicate the drink evil. It appears to have been a fortunate hour when Mr. Lloyd George decided to pay for British Dreadnaughts by clapping on an enormous addition to the spirit duties, for he overestimated the weakness of the Irish population and the hypnotic power of folly when the issue is one between beggary or the continuance in a course of reckless indulgence for a short time. We note with pleasure that in the work of moral regeneration the Gaelic league continue to devote its energies as zealously as in the other work of reviving and conserving the ancient language and literature of the land of Cuchullin, Oisin and Columbkille.

Quite a little interest has been aroused by the recent discovery of a very ancient copy of "The Odes and Psalms of Solomon," on the Tigris. In discussing the matter a writter in the Biblical World (Chicago) says:

Some of these odes resemble closely the canonical Psalms in their expressions of trust and assurance against enemies; indeed, the latter are distinctly the models for many of them. In so far, then, we have an interesting manifestation of the survival of Jewish hymnology down into the Christian Church, something which was suspected

enables them to continue a scholastic career or forces them to enter an industrial one. The employer of young labor has a responsibility. It is the duty of the state to insure the recognition of this responsibility and aid him in discharging it. It is the only way by the actual sharing of the burden by means of close co-operation that we have certain hopes of the boys and girls in our schools growing to be sturdy citizens."

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